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INTERNATIONAL club

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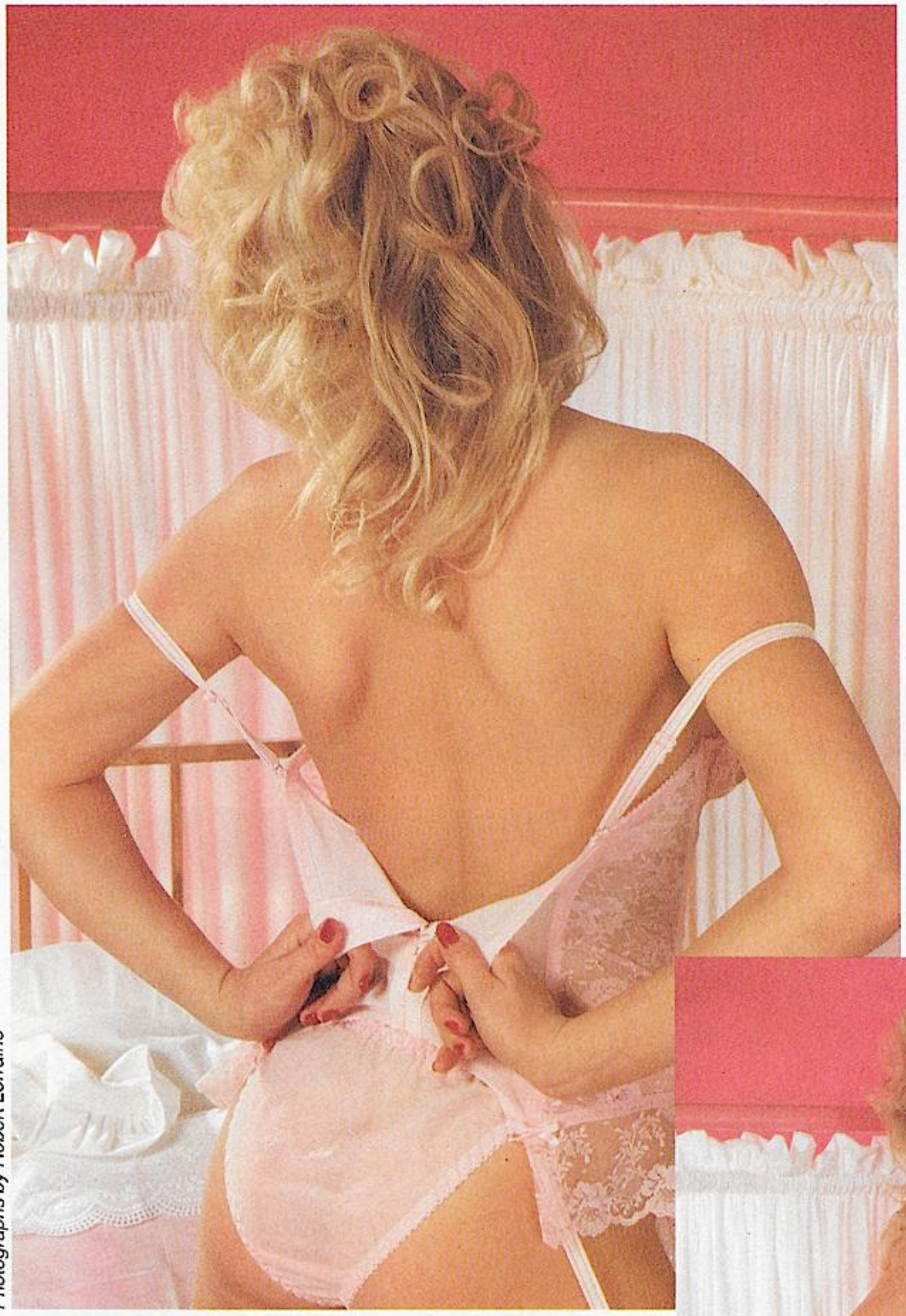
BEAUTY ON A BIKE

LINZI ON KNICKERS

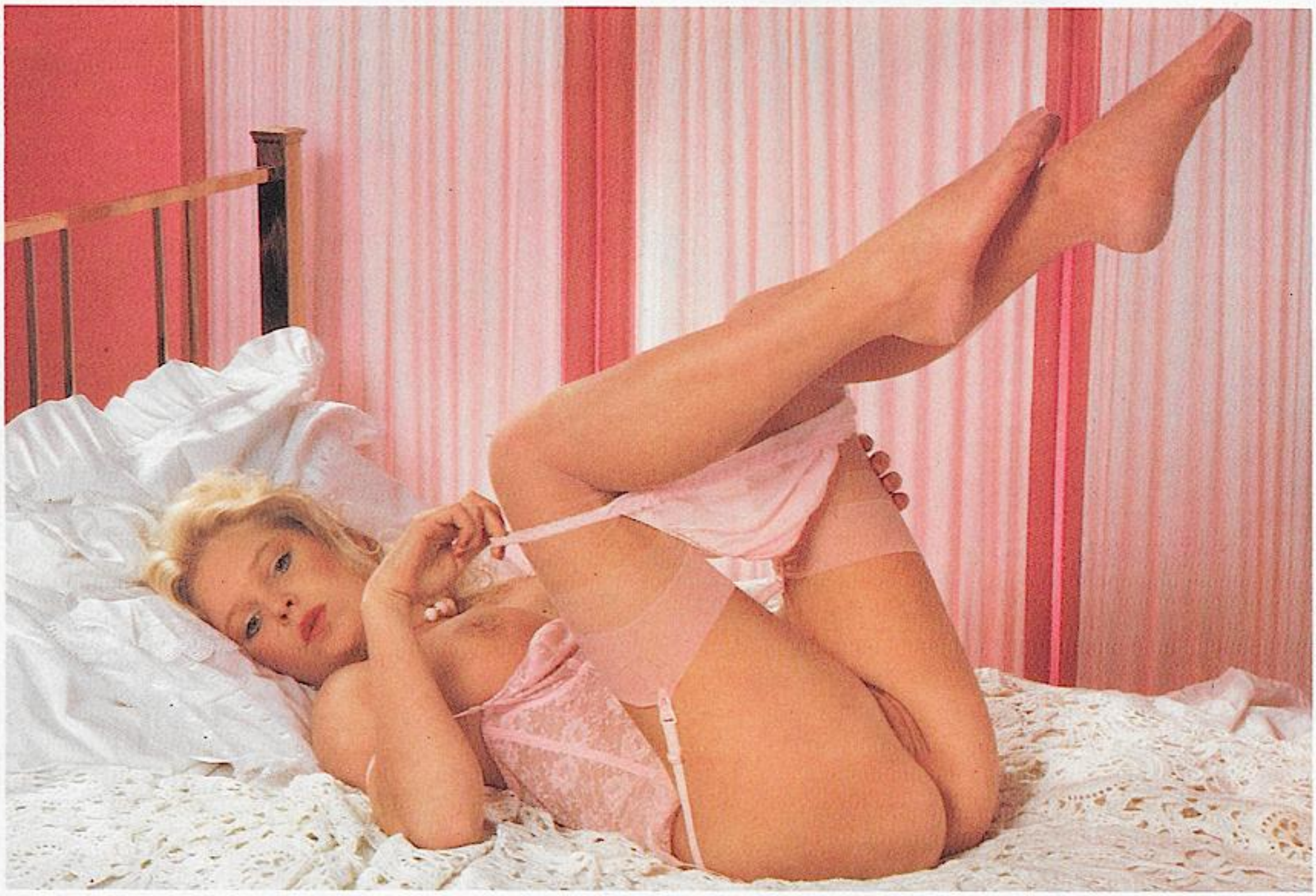
EVENT: MISS JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS

ANOTHER KITTEN ON THE CATWALK



Photographs by Robert Lorraine

Abigail



club Catw

Showbiz designer Andy Edwards takes the spotlight on Club Catwalk this month, and has come up with a stunning lace blouse which any lady musketeer would be proud to display. It's as sharp as any rapier.

Modelled to perfection by Marianne, this creation costs £250, and is set off nicely by a delicate-as-gossamer white net skirt, for which Andy is asking £60.

The radiant pink shoes are by Bertie – price £39.99, while Harvey Nichols supplied the stockings and underwear for £12.50 all-in.

Georgie's blue sunglasses, from Cutler and Gross, sell for £25.

The Designer

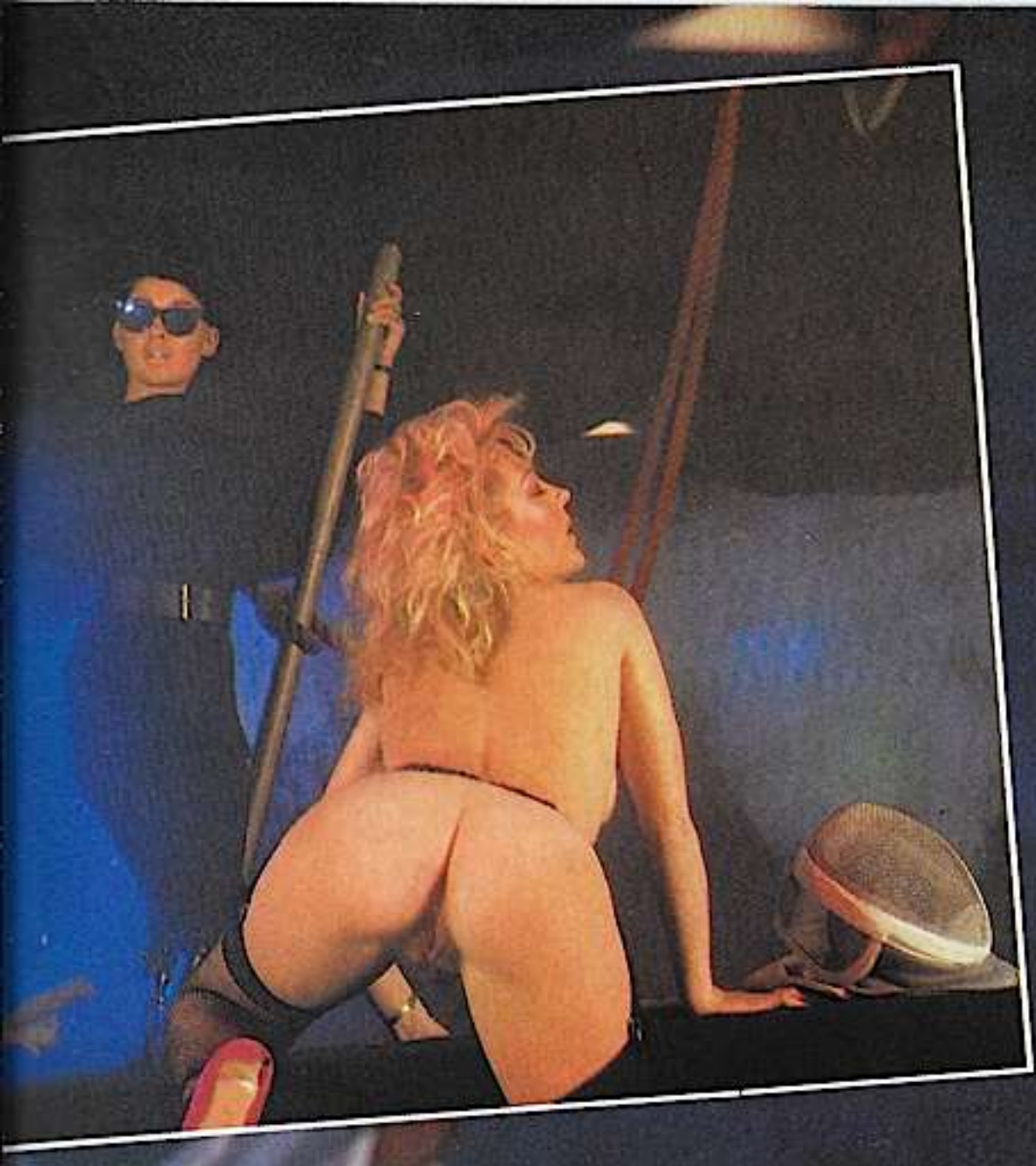
Andy Edwards is a fashion designer who works with the stars. It was he who created the sexy look for the Hot Gossip dancers, who have enjoyed fame throughout the world.

Since working with Hot Gossip and Arlene Phillips (choreographer for Starlight Express, Annie and many other films and shows), he has designed outfits for top names, including Buck's Fizz, Adam Ant, Sweet Dreams and the Burton Group.

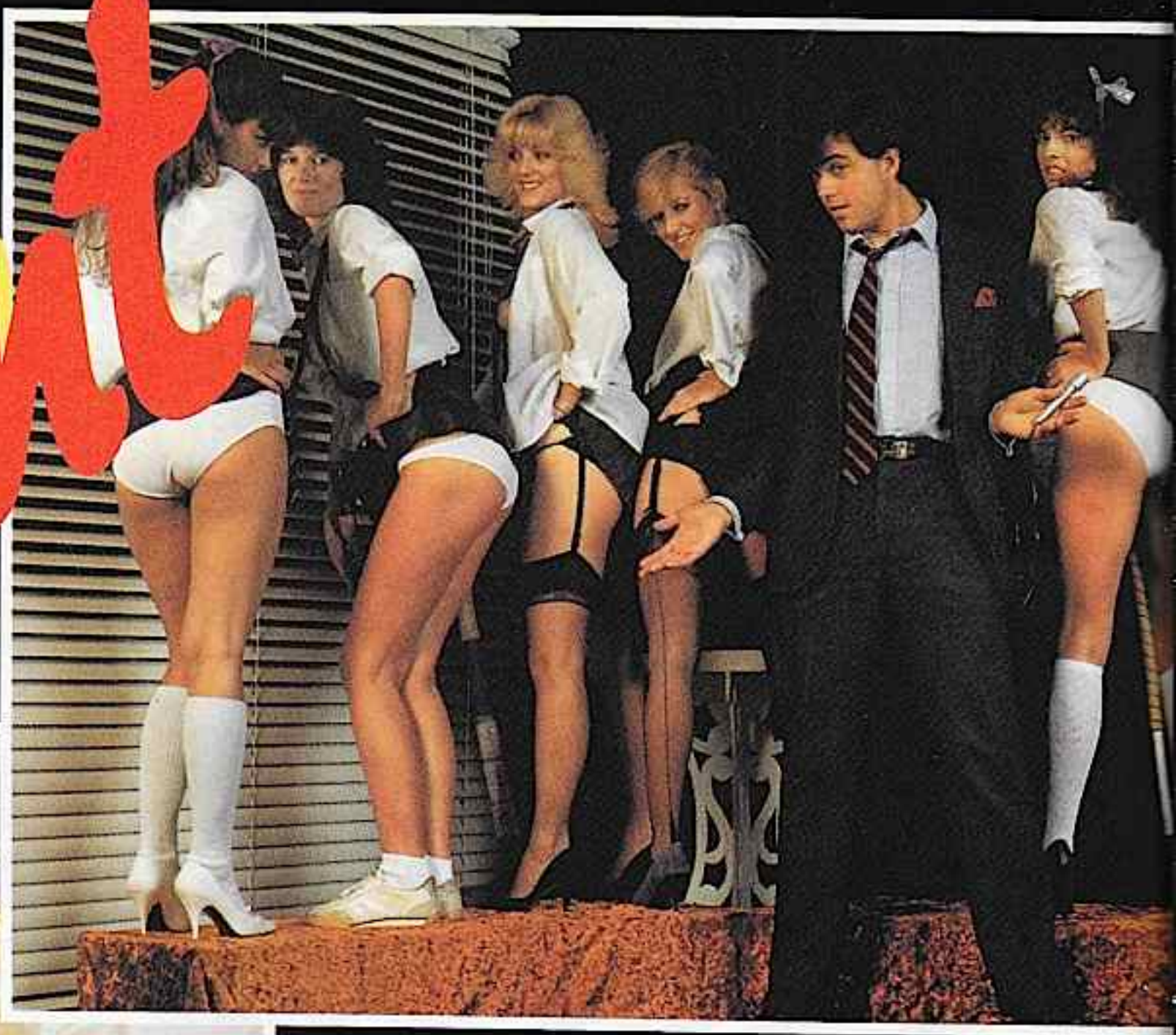
Even when Andy is doing a one-off design, his clothes will always create a dramatic effect, so if you want your girlfriend to stand out in a crowd, ring Club International for more details.

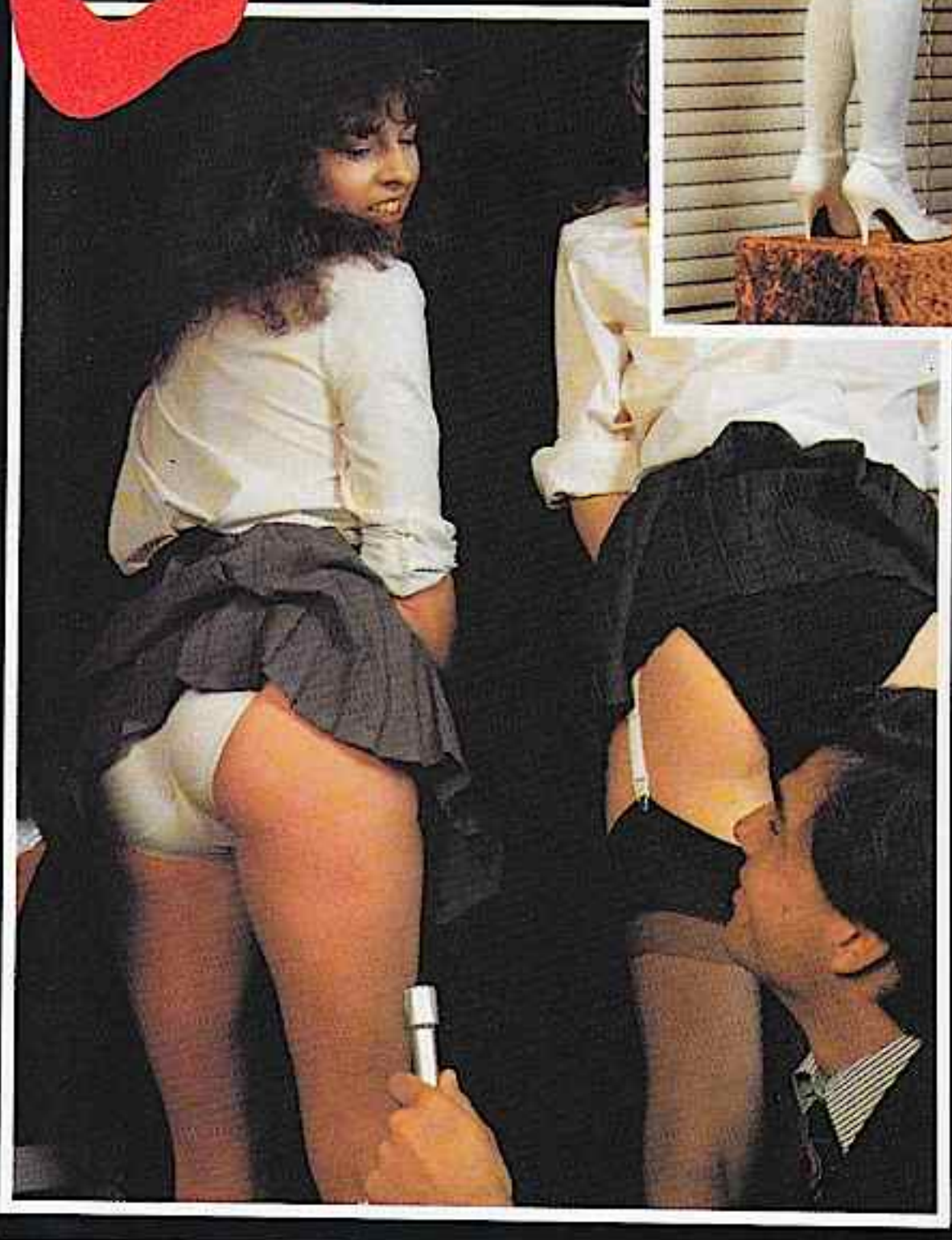
Photographs by Janet Worth

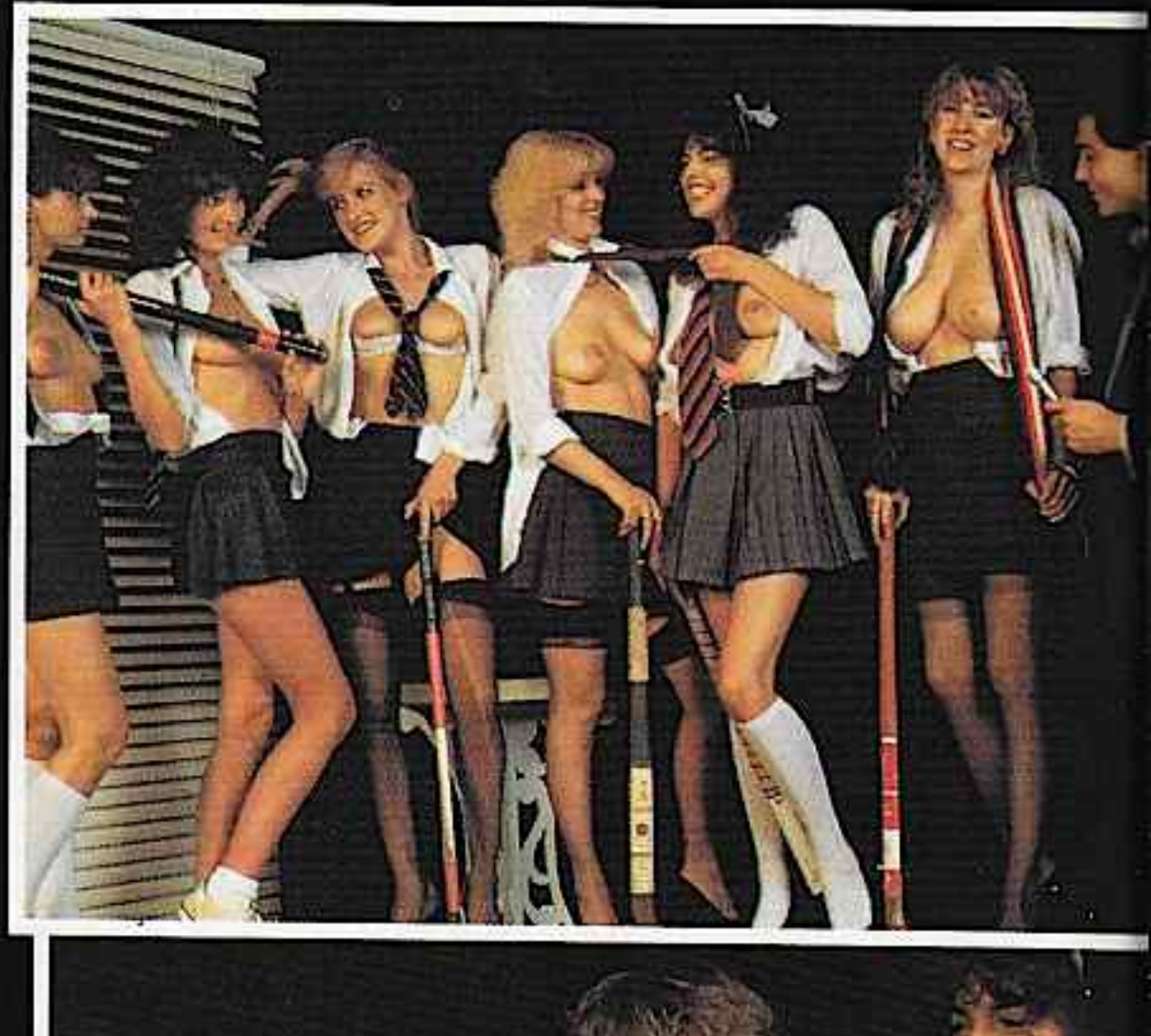
Ok



club Event



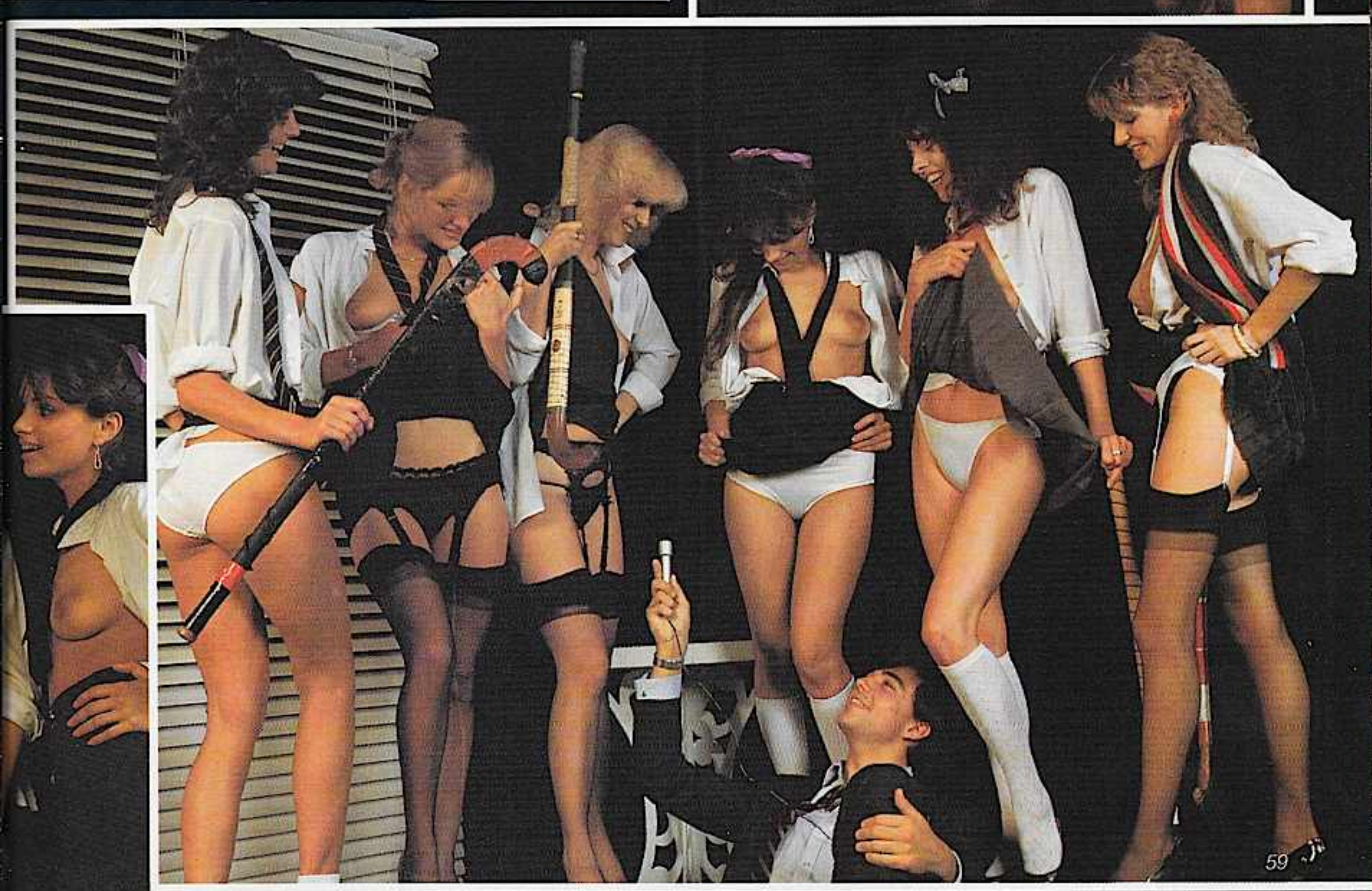


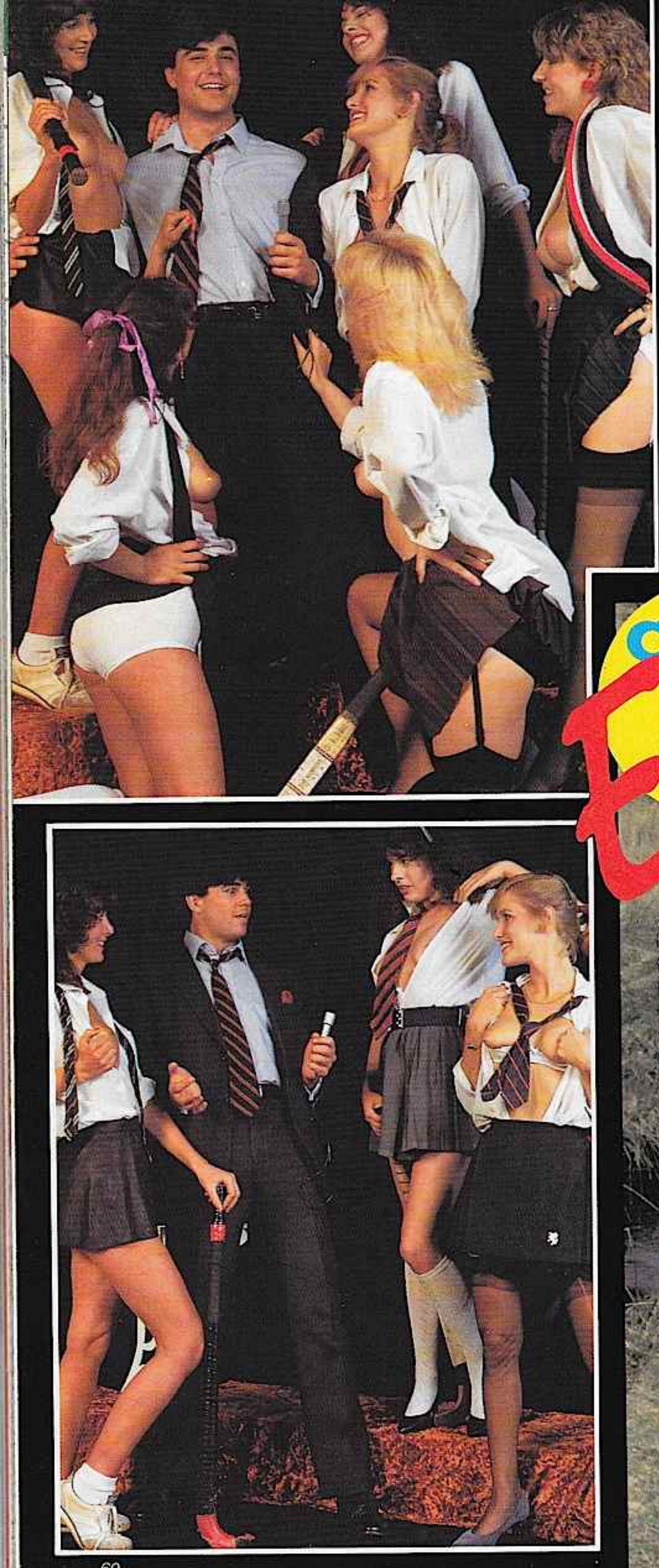


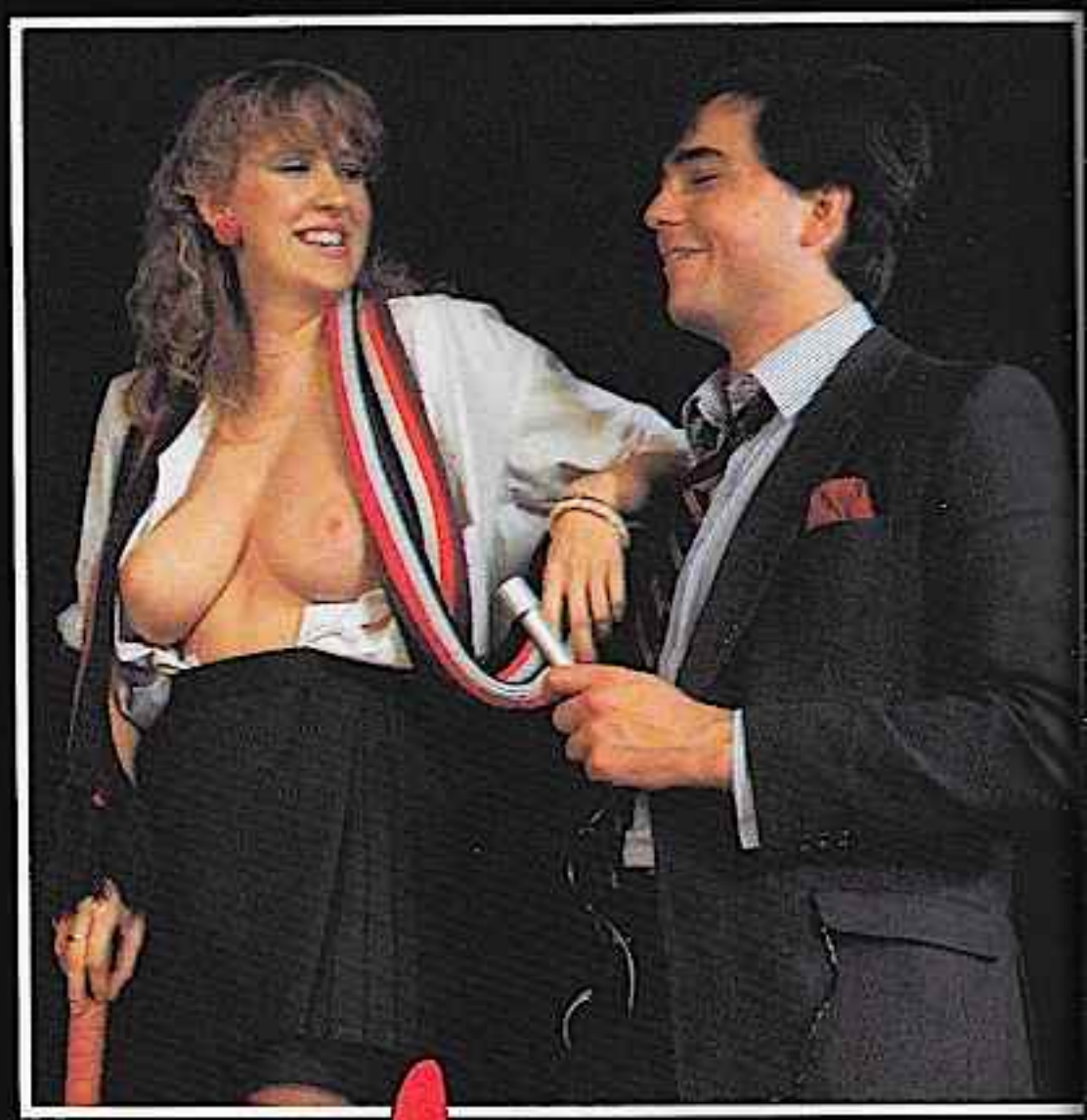
The rugby club stalwarts bit off more than they could chew when they fixed up some popsies to take part in a Miss Jolly Hockey Sticks competition at their clubhouse which, as they told us, is 'somewhere north of Watford'. Getting a dig in at the southerners here, we think.

All attempts by the MC to restore order collapsed like an untidy scrum – not that he (or the watching collection of scrum-halves and prop-forwards) was complaining, as you can see!

Eventually, the fun-seeking girls scored the winning try – women and hockey sticks *are* a dangerous combination – and the competition was abandoned. The prize money is winging its way to a local charity.







club Event

A club whose members know what they like – that's the oddly-named F8 Location Photography Club which, as its name suggests, organises picture-taking sessions in a variety of photogenic locations up and down the country.

Club International turned the tables on the F8 men as they twiddled with their apertures and light meters on a recent assignment near Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire, and put them in the viewfinder for a change.

The focus of their focusing wasn't centred on the delightful scenery, though they did have a counter-attraction ...

Got any fun events lined up in the near future? Then why not invite Club along to reel off a few spools? Send your invitations to Club Event, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Photographs by R B Kane

JOYCE

DISCO SPORT

A WORLD FIRST FOR CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Our photographer, *Serge Jacques,* is the first lensman EVER allowed to take pictures of a naked lady in Europe's most exclusive night club. On these pages, we offer you the first and only glimpse of KU going starkers – a sight that's never been seen outside its walls before!

Some of the posters advertising the many and varied events which take place at the KU during the season

No wonder he's smiling. He's Brasilio de Oliveira Neto, the Brazilian owner of the KU – the night club where the rich and famous spend their time . . . and money

The KU is enormous, spectacular. It's the summer playground of just about every high society, showbusiness and millionaire name you'd ever see gracing the pages of the gossip columns. People as diverse as Danny Kaye, Princess Christina de Hoenlohe, Julio Iglesias and Rod Stewart go to the KU, the most fashionable place to be from 1st May to 1st October on that most fashionable of Mediterranean islands, Ibiza.

The KU is the biggest night club in Europe; a huge area set aside from reality for fantasy and illusion of the most outrageous and exciting sort. But the KU is no illusion – least of all for those who live on Ibiza. Spectacular fireworks rocket into the clear skies night after night; blaring music and peals of pleasure carry far beyond the 6000m boundaries, proclaiming the presence of this pleasure palace across the erstwhile quiet peaceful island.

The king of this particular castle is Brasilio de Oliveira Neto, a Brazilian-born entrepreneur in his thirties. He already owned numerous clubs and restaurants all over Spain, but his dream was to preside over the biggest, most spectacular court in Europe, to dazzle all comers with every novelty and lavish display that a vivid imagination and money could possibly afford. When the KU opened in 1978, his dream came true.

All sorts of people make

MISTER Ku
1 DE SEPTIEMBRE

Ku
NON COTS
11 agosto

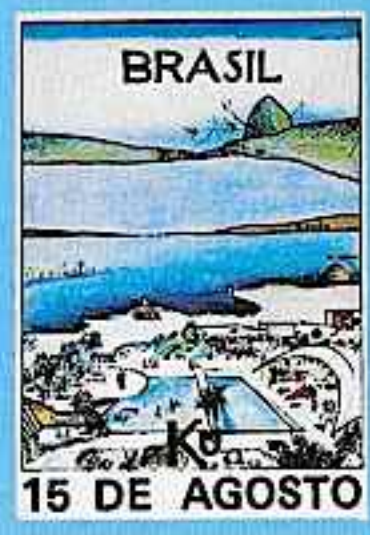
Ku
23 AGOSTO

for Ibiza to visit the KU. High lifers who fly in from as far away as New York for a couple of nights, catching a few hours sleep on the beach during the day until the KU opens again; tourists from all over Europe on their annual holidays; yacht parties who prefer the seclusion of their own company during the daylight hours but float into land at night; not forgetting, of course, the well-heeled inhabitants, native or otherwise.

In the car park built to accommodate 5000, row upon row of expensive, fast, beautiful cars – the mechanical counterparts of their owners – like Rolls Royces, Lamborghinis and Maseratis, cool down while the action hots up inside the club. And after paying the entrance of £10 or so (which includes a drink) you can go right in there and hot up alongside all the rest.

At least 3000 revellers wiggle their hips (and anything else that moves) and do their thing like it's never been done before on the seven dance floors and sip drinks from the seven bars from 10pm until 7 in the morning. And when the chilled champagne, whether applied internally

JUEVES 21


BRASIL
15 DE AGOSTO

COLOR Y FUEGO
19 agosto

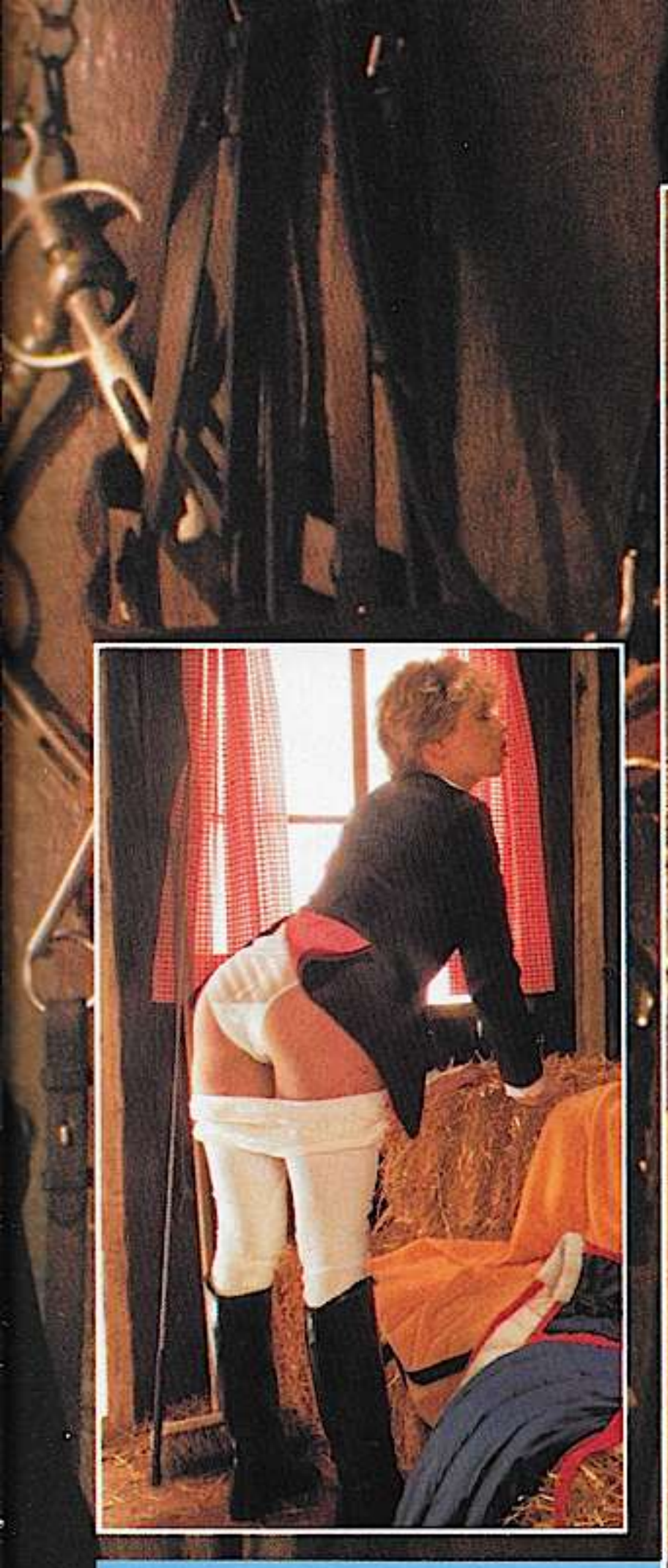
DISCO KU SPORT

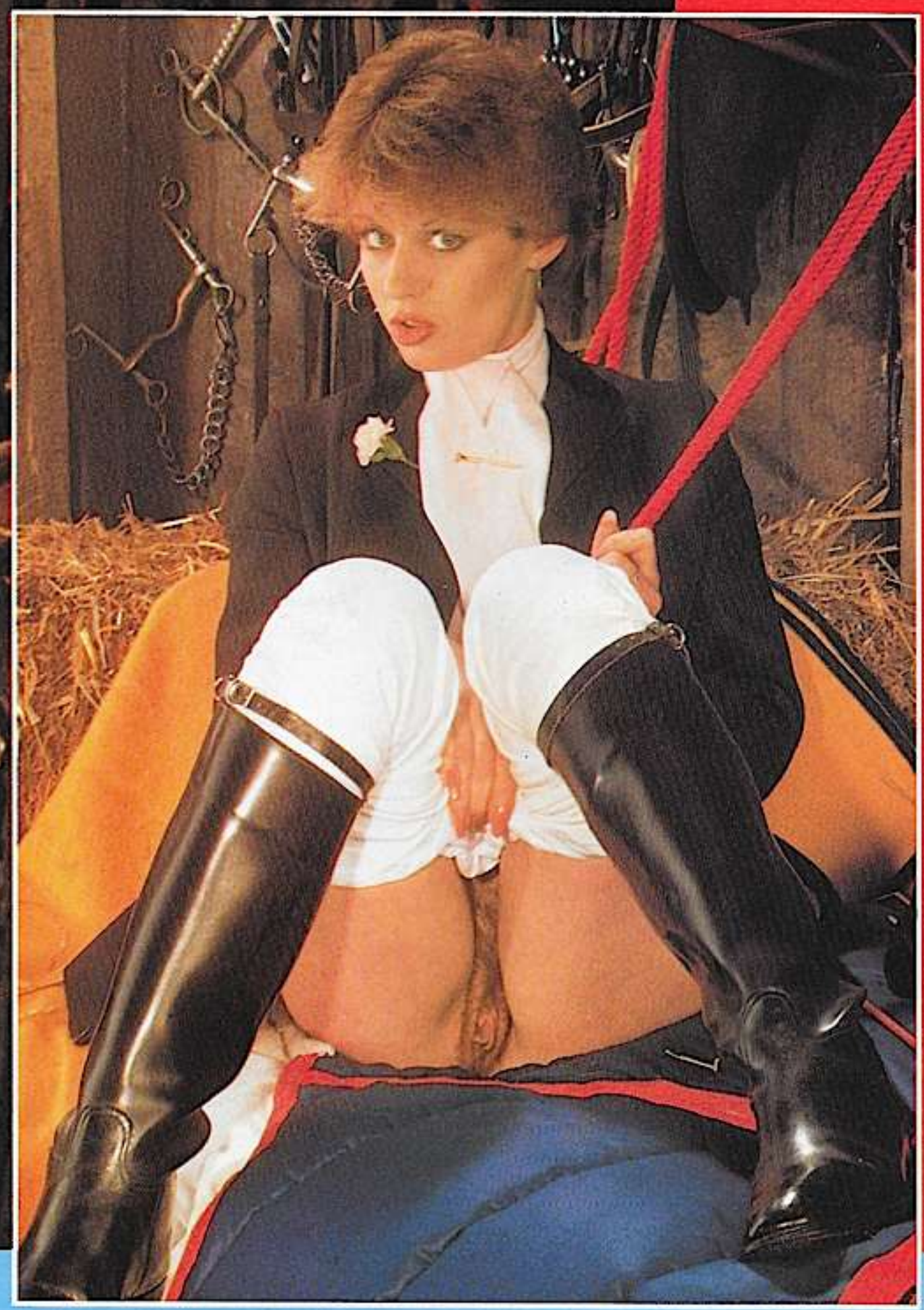
or externally, isn't enough to cool them down, many will plunge into the transparent swimming pool through a huge dragon's head, oblivious to the fact that they are unsuitably dressed for a dip. If they're dressed at all, that is.

The KU is definitely a place to do your own thing, as long as it's original, exceptional and you can carry it off with style. No good trying to get away with old party tricks here. They've seen it all before. Drop in from on high dangling on the end of a parachute or lead a tiger on the end of a chain and you will attract a glance or two. But with all the other things going on no one stays the centre of attention for too long.

Improvised floor shows, the antics of the famous in their reserved VIP bar, competitions to find the most sexy woman or handsome man fill in the time between the three nightly organised extravaganzas. There are 35 of these parties throughout the summer. Every one has a different theme announced by specially-designed posters all over the island on the day. One night could be cowboy night, another could be black stocking night, and the next . . . who knows? It's always a big surprise at the KU.

DOMINGO 21 AGOSTO





Photographs by Dwight Fox

Laura

club

LIFE WITH

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International*. . .

KNICKERS! – that's my greeting this month to all my readers! There are two things a model is often asked – what colour are they? And will you 'Get em off'? Knickers, in my experience, are the flimsy piece of female undies which exercise male fantasies. Black silk stockings, and suspender belts add greatly to the effect.

Actually, I think it's the silk stockings and suspenders – left behind once the knickers are discarded – that get all the men horny, though the knickers themselves are the one garment that cover our most important little place. Our final claim to modesty. But who wants modesty when some big hunky guy is tearing them off in the heat of a passionate clinch?

Men always seem to prefer black. I'm not really sure why; maybe you'll write in and tell me the answer to that one. I think us girls like to have a change from the sexy black knickers sometimes, and I love white undies, although I think a mixture of red and black is a very horny combination.

As a professional model, I'm used to going without (knickers I mean). If you turn up for a modelling session wearing tight knickers, the photographer will absolutely flip. If you're working on any sort of nude bum shot with all lumps and bumps made from tight knickers, you may have to wait up to an hour or more for the lines to disappear, 'cos all you readers out there don't want to see any flaws, just a nice smooth botty!

Clinging Dresses

For everyday wear, I like tiny cotton knickers, perhaps in white or pink. I love pretty knickers. For those very special occasions, I feel good in silky black G-strings, or maybe those nice Janet Reger French knickers that these days cost about £30 a pair. I think they're well worth it, 'cos they make you feel special. I love the way they're split right up to the top on each side, so there's plenty of room to slip into them. Very handy!

For evening wear, with those swanky little cocktail numbers, knickers are off again. Slinky clinging dresses are ruined with the dreaded knicker line showing through. It's such a nice feeling when you know that everybody who is looking at you knows you're totally naked – underneath that very chic dress. I bet that's quite a fantasy for men – to pull up the front of a clinging cocktail dress and have their wicked way in a not-so-crowded corner of a party. Actually as I write this, I realise it's quite a turn-on for me too! I'm off to a party tonight, so I'll let you know!

Have you seen those other knickerless types of dresses that are popular at the moment? The type of dress that looks as if it's not quite finished yet. They are usually split completely up one side, or even both. I've got a lovely pair of them. Knickerless dresses I mean!

A funny thing happened to me last week when I was wearing one of these sexy little numbers for a job I was doing in a London hotel, at a presentation dinner. A model friend of mine, Gina, and myself were working on the difficult task of presenting the prizes.

Anyway, the management very kindly put some champagne in a hotel room for us to drink when we'd finished. I was dressed in this lovely red cire dress of mine that was split up both sides and laced up criss-cross style either side. It was a bit of a struggle to get all of me in there! Knickers were definitely out of the question as it would have ruined the whole effect.

During the evening I decided to nip upstairs to our hotel room for a quick glass of champagne. As I wiggled upstairs in my skimpy red dress, I was aware of this elderly couple behind me. Suddenly the old dear let out a horrifying gasp.

"Henry, that gel's got absolutely nothing underneath that . . . that . . . dress!"

"Eh, what's that, m'dear?" mumbled the old boy.

Knickerless

A few seconds later she was bashing him with her handbag.

"Henry, do take my word for it, and put away your glasses!"

This month has been fairly knickerless! I did a couple of TV commercials; one for Guinness and the other for Tartan Bitter. In the Tartan Bitter one, I played last year's Miss Scotland, dressed in a slinky coral cocktail number with no knickers. In the Guinness ad, I was a waitress dressed in a pretty pink overall, rubber gloves and no knickers once again. By the way, if you catch the Guinness commercial and can understand the joke with the rubber gloves, do let me know, as I'm still trying to work it out!

Another laugh I had this month was with a chap I met last weekend at a camera exhibition at a Glasgow hotel. Another model, Jane, and I, were booked for the whole weekend to pose for amateur sessions which lasted for 15 minutes at a time. I suppose over the whole weekend we did about 25 sessions, at about 20 per group – that's around 500 guys!

They'd wander through into the studio and the studio mana-

Photographs by Paul Diamond

LIFE WITH Linzi

ger would tell them the light settings and away they'd go, furiously trying to get their good 15 minutes' worth! We were working individually on this small set they had built in one of the hotel conference suites. Basically, it consisted of a colour backdrop with a motor bike. We'd start off in our undies or scanty shorts or swimsuits, and strip off throughout the 15-minute session to finish up starkers. There was a security guard always present and a black taped circle all the way around the set.

Ogling Away

If anyone overstepped the mark they were removed. All the guys were quite sweet, and definitely harmless. Funny thing; a few didn't even bother to bring a camera – just ogled away their 15 minutes' worth!

This old guy I was telling you about was probably about 80 years old. He had a kind old wrinkly red face with a gleaming bald head and, although it was very hot in the studio, he was wearing a flasher-type mac buttoned right up to the top. He took a few shots with his old box brownie, but I could see that he was miles away. When the session had finally finished, he beckoned me over towards him and spoke to me.

"Would you please take a picture of me, Linzi? My camera's all set. You only have to push the button."

"Why not? Do you wanna pose alongside the motor bike, Gramps?" I inquired, as I peered through the viewfinder, then I nearly dropped the camera . . . "Just gettin' ready, m'dear," said Gramps as he struggled out of his flasher's mac to reveal his red undies, stockings and suspenders – the lot. He had his socks and shoes on top though. The finale came when he took a red ladies' wig from his pocket and perched it on his bald head! I think the security guard was just about to faint at this point. But Gramps puckered his lips and, although I was in stitches, I took his photo! Unfortunately I can't show it to you readers 'cos it wasn't my camera. But I hope the old guy had some fun with it anyway.

My weekend in Glasgow wasn't all work and no play. I came across a cute little Scottish waiter who specialized in room service. And he was only 18 too!

When Jane and I finally fished our day's modelling at out seven in the evening we 've knackered! We went up to suite the company had oked for us to relax. We'd h travelled up on the overht sleeper the night before, d had had little sleep. We 're going to have a night on town in Glasgow, but we decided instead to stay in our hotel and find our own kicks.

Dinner and champagne, we decided, was a good way to start the evening. When Paul, the 18-year-old room service waiter arrived we realised we'd found a good way to continue the night.

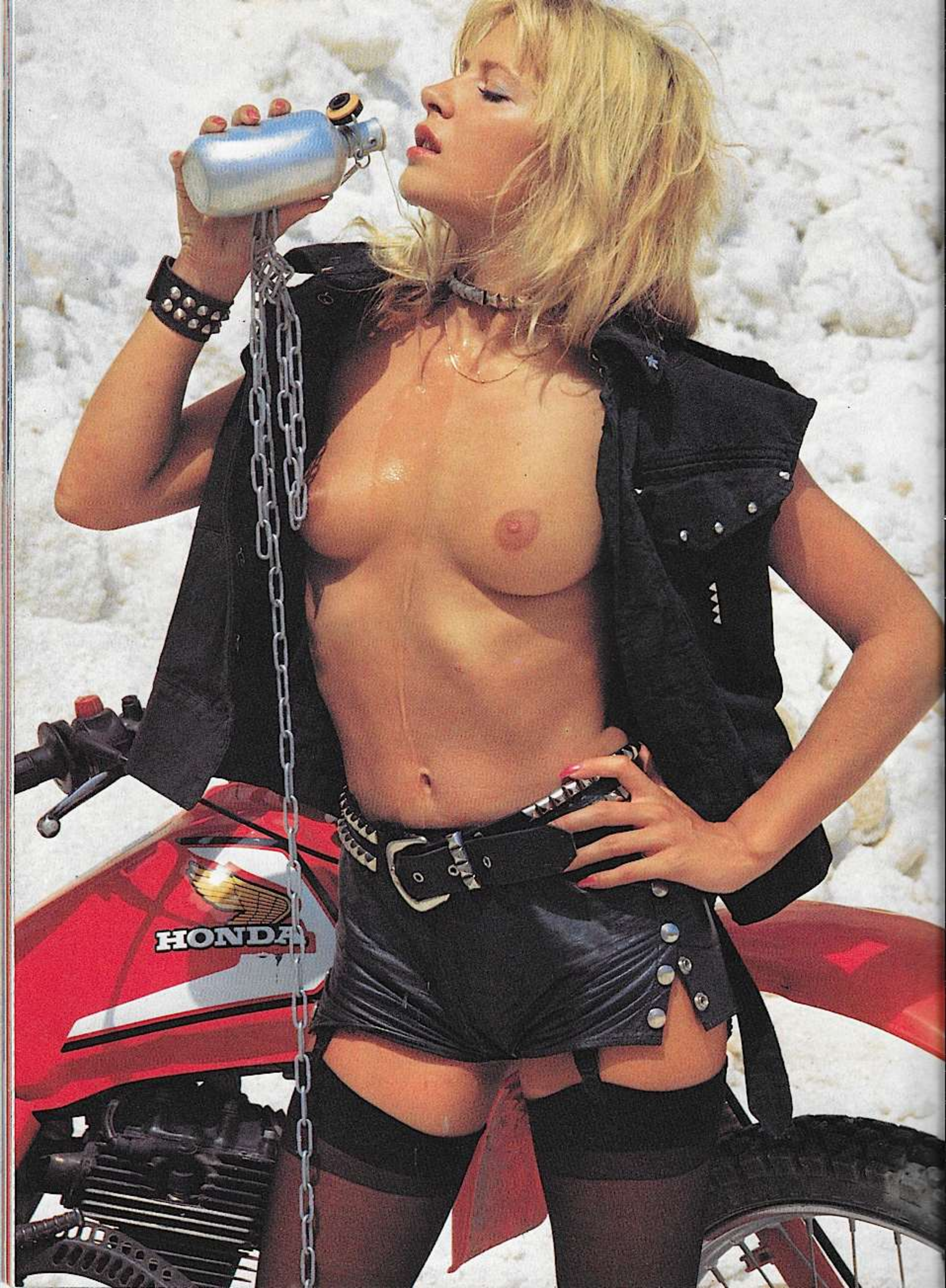
Jane was in the bath, soaking in lots of lovely bubbles when I answered the door. Dressed only in a hotel bath towel, and still a little wet from my bath, I let him in with his tray. Just as he put it down, I let my towel drop to the floor. As he bent down to do the gentlemanly thing and pick it up for me, I stroked his bum. In those tight little waiter pants it looked so lovely, I couldn't resist.

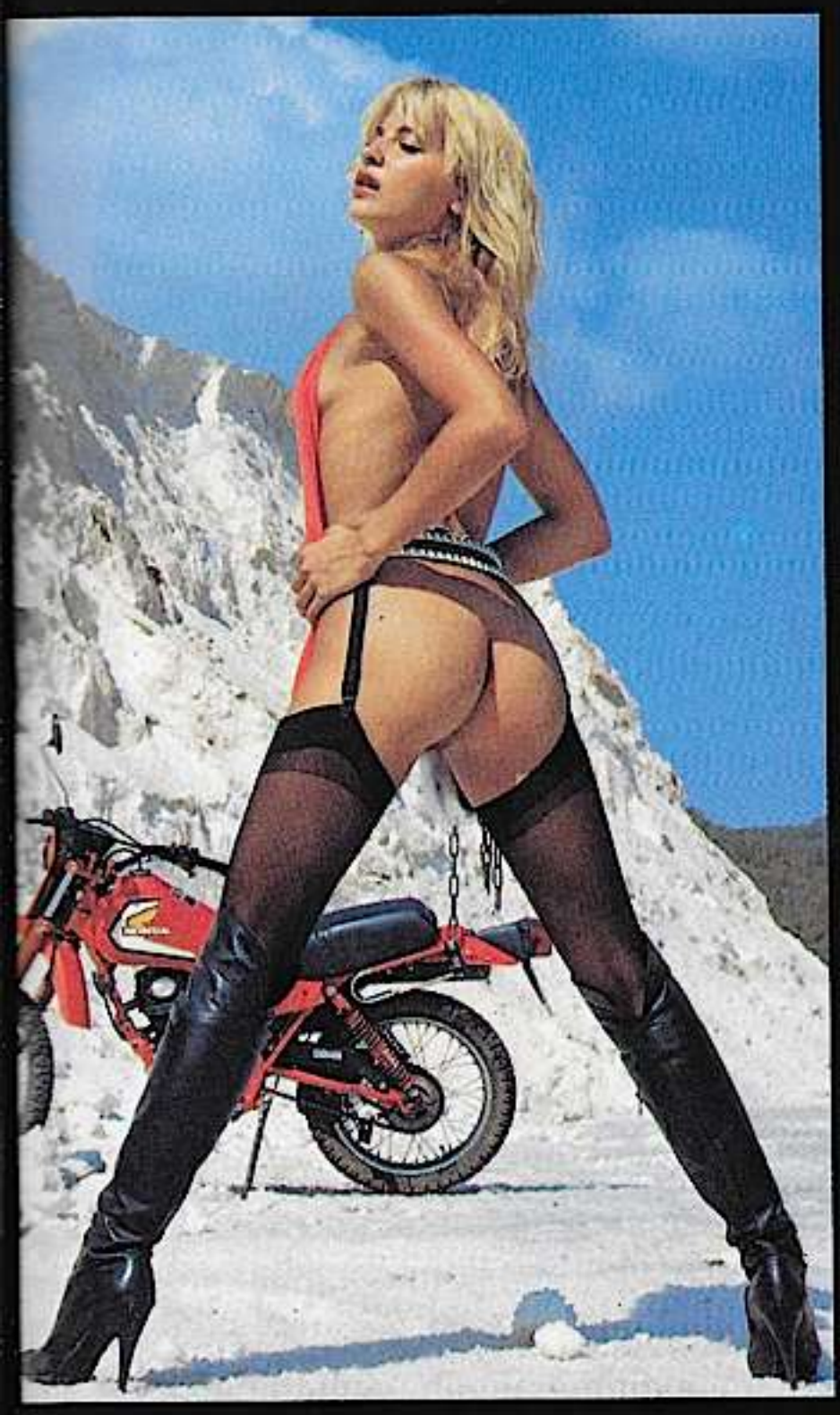
I called to Jane and, the two of us naked, laid Paul down on one of the beds and gently removed all his clothes. He had a beautiful little boy's cock which wasted no time at all in standing to our attention.

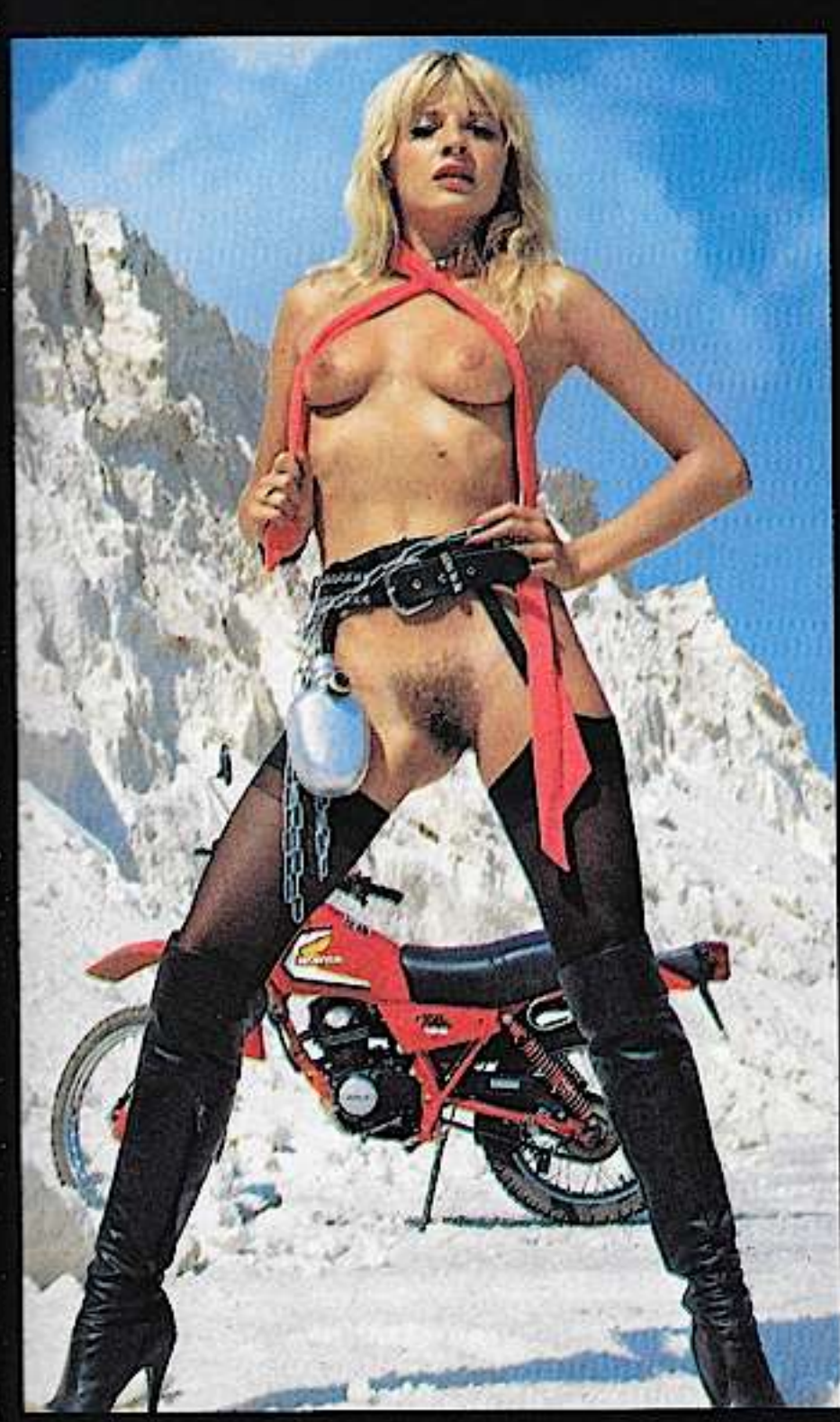
A little tiddly from all the wine we'd greedily been guzzling all day, I picked up my banana split from the tray and smothered his willy in strawberry and vanilla ice cream, topped up with whipped cream! At first he was wriggling around complaining how cold his balls were, but he soon shut up when Jane and I started to lick it off!

Naturally he repayed the compliment, and for the next hour or so the three of us had a whale of a time smothered in banana split, followed by a knickerbocker glory . . . delicious!

When we bumped into him the next day he seemed all flushed. I'm not sure if he was a


HONDA





VIVIEN

Photographs by Sarah Joyce